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THE PASTURE-BARS.

If all the skies, I do believe,
Had all the year withholden
[illegible] that eve,
Knew why the cows were waiting.
JAMES JUDSON LORD.

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THE SMALL BOY'S STORY.

It all came of my having a railway key and being made to take music lessons.

Thompson gave me the key when he was leaving last term. I don't know how he came by it, or what good it was to him as he never saw a train except when he went home for the holidays; but he was always talking of the convenience of having such a thing when you were traveling, and hinting at the mysterious penalties the Company might inflict if they caught you using it.

He gave it me in exchange for a bit of Letty's hair (she's my sister, and Thompson was dreadfully in love with her) and a scrap of the bonnet trimming she wore in church. I stole that but had to ask her for the hair, and she brought out a whole bundle and said I might trade away the lot if I chose. "Hair wasn't worn much now."

Music was another thing altogether. Herr Otto Finke was an old friend of my father's, and lived at Luckboro', our market town.

He took a fancy to me—bother him; and actually persuaded my father and mother to let me come over to Luckboro' every market-day, with my father, for a lesson in German and music. I didn't mind dining with him first (uncommonly queer messes we had, and lots of jam with them)—but the music was simply disgusting—(in the holidays, too!)—and the lessons generally ended by Finke getting to the piano himself, and warbling songs of his Vaterland by the hour. He did so once too often though—and now I have got to my story.

We used to come and go between Mosslands and Luckboro' by omnibus. There was a Mosslands station on the line between Luckboro' and London, but my father never went by it if he could help it. When he did, though I had the key with me I never dare use it, and began to think I had made a bad bargain with Thompson.

One Tuesday, however, last winter, Finke got so carried away by his own sweet singing that he kept on long after I ought to have started to meet my father, and then got so remorseful that I thought he was going to cry; or perhaps want to keep me all night.

"Look here," I said, "it doesn't matter. There's a train that gets in as soon as the 'bus. I can catch it if I run—Good-by!" And off I scudded, one arm in and one out of my top coat, for I was sure he'd object, or want to see me off. I had money, and there was a train, which came up long before I had seen all I wanted about the station.

I made a dash at a carriage. It wasn't locked, as I half hoped it might be, and in I scrambled, but was nearly blown out again by a volley of the strongest language I ever did hear. The train started and jerked me down into a seat before I'd time to get my breath. I was not used to bad expressions, and my fellow-traveler's remarks made my blood run cold.

There were ladies in the carriage, but he didn't seem to mind that. He had a red, scowling face, with heavy red eyebrows and bloodshot eyes. All the rest of him was a mass of railway rugs and wraps. I had tumbled over his toes into the middle seat opposite, where I sat scared and speechless, till I caught the eyes of the lady next to him fixed on me.

Ugh! such a bad old face! A tight, cruel mouth, with all sorts of evil lines about it, and wicked sharp gray eyes that screwed into one like gimlets. I didn't care much for Redface by this time. I didn't believe he would "twist my neck and chuck me out of the window," as he suggested; but I hated her all over at once, from her sausage-curls—grizzly-gray, two on each side—to her hooked claws of fingers that were twitching away at her knitting-needles, in and out of a big gray stocking.

"Hush, Sammy," she said quite sweetly; "the poor child means no harm, and he can easily get out at the next station—Where are you going to, love?"

I could only gape in reply and she must have thought I was a softy, for she twisted my ticket clean out of my hand before I knew what she was after.

"Mosslands. Very good. That's the next station. I'll see him safe out, Sammy, dear."

Sammy growled an inarticulate response from under his rugs.

The third passenger had neither spoken nor stirred. She sat on the same side as the other two, covered with a big plaid rug, and a blue woolen veil tied over her head. I could make nothing out except that she seemed asleep in a very uncomfortable attitude.

I sat in the middle opposite the old woman. It was so disagreeable, finding her sharp eyes on me while her needles clicked on just the same, that I thought I might as well pretend to go to sleep, too. So curled myself up, and gave one or two nods, and then dropped my face on my arm so that she couldn't see it.

Presently I heard the needles going slower and slower. I peeped, and saw the big bonnet and sausage-curls giving [illegible] backward.

she sat bolt upright, rubbed [illegible] hard, felt suspiciously about till she found the bag, stowed it away behind her, and resumed her knitting. Only for a few moments, though; with a weary groan she let stocking, needles and all go down with a run, and dropped back sounder asleep than before.

Then from Sammy's corner came a gurgle—soft and low—many times repeated, then all was quiet.

Now was my time. I began to look about, and think what I should do first. Whether I dared get up on the seat and see how the communication with the guard worked, and what would happen if I pulled it. If the train did stop, I could make off, or say it was Sammy. He was half tipsy now, and people wouldn't believe him. First of all I went to the window to look out a little. It was pitch dark outside, and all I could see was the reflection of the carriage, and of the lady in the blue woolen veil. She was sitting up now, and looking intently at me. What an uncomfortable set they were, to be sure!

I looked round at her directly. She was very young—younger than Letty, and she's just seventeen, and not pretty—but so thin and frightened looking that I felt quite unhappy about her.

She fixed her big bright eyes on me, and put up her finger. "Don't speak," she said in a clear whisper. "Keep looking out of the window. Can you hear what I am saying?"

I nodded, and she went on, looking now at me, and now at the old woman.

"If they get me to London, I am a dead woman. You are my last chance. Will you help me?"

I nodded very hard indeed, and looked at the communication with the guard. She shook her head.

"No, that's no good. I must get away at the next station. He is safe. Can you stop her from following me?"

I didn't believe I could. I might have thrown a rug over Sammy, and sat on him for a minute or two; but that old woman was too much for me. I felt that directly she woke she'd see what I was thinking of, and strangle me before I could stir. The precious minutes were flying—the miles were hurrying past us in the outside gloom—the girl's big woeful eyes were fixed on me in desperate appeal.

"I have friends who will save me if I can but get to them," she panted. "Just one minute's chance—only one—"

All at once I had an idea. A splendid one! "Look at this," I whispered, and held up my railway key. "If I open this door, dare you go out? You can hold on outside till the train stops. Run straight across the down line. There's only a bank and a hedge on the top. Lots of gaps in it nearer the station. There you are on the Luckborough Road. Do you hear?"

I was quite hot and out of breath with whispering all this as plain as I could think it almost.

What with the feeling of my own cleverness; hatred of that nasty old woman and delight in spiting her; and pity for the poor girl, I felt as brave as any fellow, however big, could do, and full of ideas as well.

"Give me that," I said, pointing to her blue veil. "They won't see you're gone if I sit here with it over my head."

"Oh, no, no! They'll kill you."

"Not they! They can't interfere with me." (I declare, I felt as if I could fight Sammy and a dozen old ladies then.) "Quick! now or never." I tied the veil over my head and lowered the window as softly as possible. There was no time to lose, for the train was slackening speed even then. I unlocked the door. She gave me one look that made me feel braver than ever, and inclined to cry, both at once; and in a second she was out on the step. The train stopped. I saw her skirt flutter in the stream of light that fell from our open carriage door across the down line of rails, and that was all—and I was huddled down under the big plaid rug with the old woman wide-awake standing over me.

"Drat the boy. Sammy, call the porter; he's got out on the wrong side."

"Call-un-yre self," answered Sammy, all in one word.

She pulled the door to and tramped back to her seat, taking no more notice of me than if I had been a cushion of the carriage. "It don't matter if he has broken his neck either," she muttered, "perhaps we'd better make no fuss." The train was off again. I dared not jump up while she was in the way, and thought I must take my chance at the next station.

"Oh! my bones and body!" she groaned presently. "Oh, what a time it has been! Sammy!"

No answer.

"Sammy!" She was up again, and I think she hauled him up and shook him, for something fell with a crash like a bottle.

"You idiot," she screamed. "When you want all the brains you've got, and more too! To play me this trick! Serve you right if I get out and leave you at the next station—ugh!"

It sounded as if she were banging his head against the carriage. That and the fresh air seemed to rouse him. He got up and put his head out of the window for a short time, and then replied slowly and impressively:

"Now, look here, old woman. None of your nonsense. When he's wanted, Samuel Nixon is all there. And no man alive cansay he isn't," he went on solemnly holding on to one word till he was sure of the next. "As to this business, I ask you—Is it mine or is it yours? Now then?"

"Yours, I should think; as it's your wife who is giving us all this trouble. I wish I'd left you to fight it out yourselves."

"Stop that," said Sammy, who was talking himself sober and consequently savage. "I'll not have it put upon me. I didn't want to marry her; that was your doing, and I don't want to make away with her; that's your doing, and if it's a hanging matter, I am not the one to swing for it."

"Heaven forgive you, Sammy!" said the old woman, evidently horribly scared. "Don't ye talk in that way to your poor old mother—don't. If the poor creature was only in her right mind she'd be the first to say her old nurse was her best friend—the only one she had in the world when her pa died and left her."

Here she sniffed a little. Sammy gave a sort of derisive growl.

"And as to her marrying you; it stood to reason that she must marry somebody, sometime, left all alone in the world with her good looks and her fortune; and why not my handsome son? It was luck for you, Sammy, though you turn against me now. There you were, just come home from foreign parts, without a halfpenny in your pocket, or a notion where to turn to find one; and there was she without a relation or friend to interfere with you—as simple as a baby—not a creature to stop her doing as she chose with herself and her money. It would have been a sin and a shame to lose such a chance! Of course, I wanted to see my handsome lad as good a gentleman as the best of them." The old woman seemed to be talking on and on purposely; like telling a rigamarole to a child to keep it quiet. Sammy growled again in a milder tone.

"Oh, yes. Say it's all my fault, do! You can talk black white when it pleases you."

"It was your fault, Sammy. You might have lived happy and peaceable if you'd chosen. Haven't I been down on my bended knees to beg you to let her alone when you was treating her that shameful that the whole country-side was ringing with it. You know it, and others know it. And I can tell you what, Mr. Samuel Nixon, if she'd been found dead in her bed, as I expected every morning of my life to hear, there wasn't a servant in the place that wouldn't have spoken up before the Coroner—and glad to do it. Who'd have swung for it then, I'd like to know?"

"The brute was mastered. I hear him shuffling his feet about uneasily; then—in a maudlin whimper: "It was drink, nothing else, and her aggravating, winning ways. Don't be hard on me old woman, I'm sure I've given in handsome to all your plans."

"Because you couldn't help yourself—you fool. Now you see what it is to have your poor old mother to turn to. Your wife may talk as much as she pleases now. Who'll believe her when we've got it written down by two grand London doctors that she's as mad as mad can be? Who's to mind her talk, or anyone else's? Aren't we taking her up to London just for the good of her health, to a nice safe place where she will be well looked after and kept from getting herself and other folks into any more trouble; and then you and me will go back, Sammy, and live as happy and comfortable as you please."

"They will treat her like a lady—eh, mother?"

"Of course they will; a beautiful place, and the best of living. Bless you, she'll be as happy as the day is long. Does you credit being so tender-hearted, Sammy. I knew you couldn't abide seeing her storming and raving as she did last night, so I just gave her a little sup of something before we started, and you see she's been sleeping like a baby ever since. And the gentleman—where she's going, you know—he gave me this bottle; and when we get to London I've just to give her a whiff of it on a handkercher, and off she goes as quiet as a lamb. No screams or tantrums this time; and he and his nurses will be on the look-out for us with his carriage, and before she knows it there she'll be as snug as you please."

This was awful!

What should I do? Were we ever going to stop? Was there another station before London? Should I be drugged, dragged off and made away with! I knew if they found me out it was all over with me. The pattern of the blue Shetland veil danced before my eyes—the noise of the train was as the sound of the roar of artillery in my ears. I sat up, ready for a spring and a struggle.

A jerk! Another! A stop, and the door flung open.

"Tickets, please."

I made one plunge. I flung the rug clean over the old woman, and dashed my arms into Sammy's face, and tumbled headlong out, into the arms of the astonished ticket collector. I felt him clutch me, and then the ground rose up, or I went down—down—into an unfathomable depth of blackness!

"Hullo! old fellow. Better now?" were the first words I heard. Thompson's voice! There he was with a glass of water in his hand, stooping over me. Thompson's mother was kneeling beside me, cuddling me up against her nice soft sealskin. I was on the waiting-room sofa, and about a dozen people were all standing staring round. Thompson went and telegraphed home that I was safe, and then he and his mother took me to the house in London, where they were staying.

I can't remember much after that. I was ill for many weeks, I believe. I tried to tell people what had happened; but no one would listen. They try, even now, to make me believe I dreamt it in my illness. I've got it told now though, and every word of it is solemn truth. Besides, didn't I see and smell Letty burning the blue Shetland veil. I've had no more music lessons since, that's one good thing.

The Railway Key? Oh, I left that sticking in the door. That's all.—*The Argosy.*

A Novel Fire Department.

WHAT ONE SEES AT A FIRE IN A GERMAN TOWN.

A correspondent writing from Bayreuth, in describing a fire, says: The night I arrived I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing a comedy. It was a genuine German comedy, too. Its subject matter was the efforts of the Bayreuth fire brigade to put out a fire. I was awakened from a sound sleep by the loud beating of a drum under my windows. I could hear drums beating in various parts of the city, the church bells were ringing, there was the heavy tramp of soldiers through the street, people rushing about and shouting "Fire"—in fact, every indication of a fire, except the noise of fire engines. A house a little way down the street was burning. A crowd had gathered there. I found the infantry guarding a patch of beams, the cavalry stationed about the potato patch with flashing sabres, and the artillery drawn up around a pear tree.

The flames were crackling merrily among the beams. At last, around the corner appeared six big Germans carrying a small ladder, and, after them, six small Germans carrying a big ladder. These twelve Germans wore green suits and brass helmets. When they had managed to place the big ladder against the front of the house they ran away again. After a while we heard a rattling as though a dog with a tin can tied to his tail was running through the next street. The twelve Germans again turned the corner, drawing after them what looked like a tin box on wheels. It was the fire engine—an open tin box with a hand pump. A hose was attached. A fireman mounted the ladder. Another fireman carried the hose up to him. Meanwhile, women with large wooden paniers strapped to their backs brought water from the neighboring fountains and emptied it into the engine.

Finally everything was ready, and the pumping began. Several large streams of water came from the joints of the hose and wet the bystanders. A small stream came from the nozzle. The fire was such a trifle that they managed to get it under control. Then they consulted as to whether they should adjourn then and there and get some beer or go on until the fire was completely out. They decided to adjourn. In about an hour they came back and finished their work. I heard one Bayreuther say to another, that, after all, the Bayreuth fire brigade was the best in the world. The next day the city council voted a resolution of thanks to the women who carried the water from the fountain to the firemen. During the "Parsifal" performance the firemen are distributed through the theater. This seems to me unnecessary—the building could burn down without their assistance.

A Singular Blunder.

It is customary in newspaper offices, says an exchange, when various telegraphic or other news comes in, to write directions for the compositors as to the disposition to be made of it. For instance, a dispatch from the seat of war late at night, will be written, "Add War in Egypt," meaning that this is to be included with the previous dispatches on that subject. The compositor sets up this direction for the convenience of the foreman in "making up," who, before putting the item into the "form," detaches the direction. But sometimes he misses it, as he did in the New York *Tribune* office the other night, which next morning announced a vacancy in Congress in the following fashion: "Neither of them was in the least hurt, but Oram died of heart disease after some little sparring had been done. Add Congressional Nomination." It was a singular blunder for such a newspaper as the New York *Tribune* to make.

Mr. Muldoon's Trouble.

A citizen called recently at the Water Registrar's office and introduced himself and his business by saying: "I'm Misther Jerry Muldoon. My cellar is full of water, and my hins will be drowned if it isn't fixed; so I want you to fix it." Mr. Muldoon was informed that nothing could be done for him there. Two or three days later he reappeared. "I come again to see about that cellar," said he; "it's worse than ever." "But we told you the other day, Mr. Muldoon, that we can do nothing about it here." "Yes; but my cellar must be fixed, or my hins will all be drowned." "Well, Mr. Muldoon, did you see the Mayor about the matter?" "Indade and I did," replied Mr. Muldoon. "And what did the Mayor say?" "What did he say, is it? 'Misther Muldoon,' says he, 'why don't you keep ducks?'"—*Boston Journal.*

DECATUR AND CARDEN.

A Reminiscence of the War of 1812.

Shortly before the breaking out of the last war between the United States and Great Britain, Capt. Stephen Decatur, of the United States Navy, and Capt. John S. Carden, of His Britannic Majesty's Navy, met in Philadelphia, and grew to be warm friends. One day, as they sat talking over their wine, the conversation turned upon the relative powers of the two navies. Decatur claimed that his country had good ships, and, what was better still, good sailors, and brave men; and they could raise all the men that would be required in an emergency.

"I grank," said Carden, "you have good ships; and I know Yankees are proverbially brave; but, my dear captain—your sore lack is in experience. You have had comparatively no training in actual warfare. Suppose our two countries should come to blows again? And, I declare! I sometimes think I see the signs of it. But, suppose it should happen; and you and I should meet on the sea. My men would be old, experienced gunners. Why, Stephen, I should knock you into a cocked hat in half an hour!"

"Look you, John," retorted Decatur, laughingly, "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll bet you a good new cocked-hat that, if ever we meet on the sea, I will whip you!"

"Done!" cried Carden.

They shook hands on it, and then they turned to other matters.

In less than two years from that time, on the 25th of October, 1812, Commodore Stephen Decatur, then in command of the Frigate United States, fell in with an English ship of war—also a frigate—and gave battle.

The action was severe; but the effects of that severity were mostly on one side. The gunnery of the Yankee ship was superior in every way. The Englishman very soon found that, if he would accomplish anything, he must come to closer quarters—a movement to which the American did not object. The two ships came nearer; but the Englishman continued to suffer. Pretty soon his mizzen-mast was shot away, and went overboard; then his main and fore topmasts followed; and then his bowsprit went.

At this point Decatur fell, and appeared to be running away, whereat a tremendous cheer arose from the Englishman's deck; for they supposed the Yankee had received severe internal injuries, though her spars were intact.

But—lo and behold! The Yankee had fallen off for the purpose of going about, and coming up on the other tack, into a raking position. That was more than the Englishman had bargained for; and when he found the enemy coming up under his lee quarter, with a full broadside ready for sweeping his decks, he pulled down his flag and surrendered.

"What ship is that?" hailed Decatur, through his trumpet.

"His majesty's Frigate Macedonian, Captain John S. Carden," was the answer.

The English ship lay a poor, dismantled wreck, while the Yankee frigate showed hardly a sign of ill-usage. That spoke something of the gunnery of the crews.

As soon as it could conveniently be done, the English captain caused one of his boats to be lowered and manned, and shortly afterward he came over the side, descended the gangway ladder, and stood upon the American's deck.

With a polite bow, but with a pallor and a quiver about his lips, the English captain drew his sword and offered its hilt to his captor.

"No," said Decatur, with a motion of his hand to signify that he would have the blade returned to its scabbard—"I will not take the sword of a man who has defended his ship so bravely. "But," he added, as he grasped Carden's hand, sinking his voice so that others might not hear, "I think, John, I am fairly entitled to that hat!"

And we can imagine that the scene in the cabin of the Yankee frigate, on that October evening, was anything but warlike.

TAKING IT ALL.—There was a story during the war of one of Sherman's bummers, who met a Southern country gentleman in the course of one of his excursions, and stopped him. "Come out from under that hat," exclaimed the bummer. "I see you there." The unlucky victim delivered his hat. "Now come out of them boots," added the bummer, and his orders being obeyed, "crawl out of that coat," said he, "and be quick about it." Having robbed the man successively of his shirt, trowsers, and a finger ring, the bummer was riding off, when his victim stopped him. "Look here, mister," said he, "you forgot something," and pulled out a quid of tobacco from his mouth, and handed it to him. "You'd be ruined if you left that," he said.

ATTRACTED LIGHTNING.—The *Territorial Enterprise* says:—A rather singular and fatal accident occurred on the line of the Utah and Northern Railway. A man by the name of Humphreys was employed in making some repairs on the telegraph wire, and had a coil of wire hung about his neck. While engaged at his work at the top of a telegraph pole a thunder-storm came up, and Humphreys very foolishly remained in his exposed position, and while there a flash of lightning struck the coil of wire that was about his neck, killing him instantly. When found he was lying at the foot of the pole with a blue mark around his neck, telling the story of the manner by which he came to his death.

WIT AND WISDOM.

AS SOON as the peach season is over leaves will have their turn.

HOW CAN a man and his wife be one, when the woman is one herself?

NO MAN can be successful who neglects his business.

THERE are those who think time is out of joint because it cannot turn and go backward.

"IT IS not necessary for a man to be poor to be honest." Certainly not. But it seems sort o' half way necessary for a man to be poor if he is honest.—*Quiz.*

A HACKMAN recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out.—*Puck.*

IT IS announced that science has produced a new silkworm, superior to the old brand. If the new worm will produce a silk that costs no more than calico it will fill a long-felt want.

A MAINE schoolboy has gone insane. The calamity was occasioned by his sitting up nights to find the streams mentioned in the River and Harbor bill.—*Boston Post.*

WHEN a man runs to me for advice, I find out the kind of advice he wants, and I giv it to him; this satisfys him that he and I are two az smart men az there is living.—*Josh Billings.*

AMONG the objections to capital punishment is the one urged by some of its opponents that it does not really prevent crime. Well, that admits of question. We never heard of any one doing much harm after he had suffered it.

A CONVICT says he was sent to prison for being dishonest and yet he is compelled every day to cut out pieces of pasteboard, which are put between the soles of the cheap shoes made there and palmed off on the innocent public as leather.—*Philadelphia News.*

THERE is a noble coal-mine owner in London who had his coronet put on his coal-carts. We knew it would come to this when her Most Gracious Majesty, Mrs. G., consented to farm out the royal arms to decorate chow-chow bottles.—*Puck.*

THE world will never be in any manner of order or tranquility, until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor and credit are all in one interest, and that with the conscience of the former, the latter are but impositions upon ourselves and others.—STEELE.

THE Chicago *News* knows of thirteen circus clowns who have retired to farm life. We would judge a clown would do well as a farmer. He'd only have to get out into the fields and recite some of his old jokes to scad the potato bugs away on the dead run.

AFTER the previous question had been called, and the ayes and the noes ordered, a member rose and said: "My friends, I beg that for a moment you will lend me your ears, and—" "Order!" cried the Speaker; "no one can lend his ears here till the ayes and noes have been taken."

HERE is a new—at least not very old—story of Tom Marshall: Said the Woodford orator to a man whose wife he disliked: "Bill, your wife is an ugly woman!" "Well," replied Bill, flushing up, "that is her privilege." "Yes," replied Tom, "but she abuses the privilege."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTLE boy had his long curls cut off the other day, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all his friends. Going with his family into the country, soon after his arrival he came running into the house in great sorrow, crying, "Mamma, mamma, even the hens laugh at me; they all say, 'Cut-cut-cut-got-your-hair-cut!'"

THERE are plenty of us who show no reluctance to enter upon the duties of life. It is the thorough discharge of them that weighs upon us. The six-year-old boy who was asked how he liked going to school put this very tersely when he answered, "I like goin' well 'nough, but I don't like stayin' after I git there."

QUITE a sensation was created at a circus at Marquette, Mich., the other day. In the act where a circus rider, disguised as a drunken tramp, falls into the ring and wants to ride a horse, the ringmaster threw the drunkard out, and with much seeming indignation asked why there were no policemen around to keep order. A German policeman, who was standing by, and who knew the man belonged to the circus, felt indignant at having the police abused, so he took the alleged drunken man, and, notwithstanding the circus people tried to explain the circumstances, he was hustled off to the lock-up, and the act was left out. After the show the proprietor went to the jail and got the performer out, and abused the policeman a little for being so officious. The policeman said, "Vell, a choke is a choke, but ven a man zay vere is de bolice, and vy don'd dey arrest dat drunk man, den de Marquette bolice is in dot vicinity, and don't you forget it, Mr. Circus, I bed you."

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

[Entered as Second Class mail matter.]

TERMS: $1.50 per year. When paid in advance $1.25. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Address,
ADVERTISER,
S. DRAKE & CO., PROP'S, Norway, Me.

The Result.

A republican victory. Robie is elected governor by at least 10,000 plurality and all four republicans are elected to Congress. The Senate is 28 republican to three fusionists; the House is 101 republican to 50 fusion. All but three counties have been carried by the republicans.

The following have been elected representatives in Oxford County. Italic represents fusion:

Sumner—Solon F. Stetson.
Paris—George A. Wilson.
Norway—Henry M. Bearce.
Bethel—*Asa A. West.*
Hiram—tie.
Stow—*Stephen Chandler.*
Roxbury—Randall L. Taylor.
Oxford—Granville L. Tracy.

In the Hiram district there was a tie, which necessitates another election. The whole republican County ticket was elected.

Town meeting passed off very quietly. The following is the way the vote stood:

FOR GOVERNOR,
Harris M. Plaisted, 391.
Frederick Robie, 347.
FOR REPRESENTATIVES TO CONGRESS,
James M. Stone, 1.
Daniel Stickney, 1.
Joseph Dane, 393.
D. H. Thing, 391.
G. W. Ladd, 390.
T. H. Murch, 389.
Thomas B. Reed, 348.
Nelson Dingley, 351.
Charles A. Boutelle, 346.
Seth L. Milliken, 347.
FOR SENATORS,
Joseph L. Chapman, 391.
Asa O. Pike, 391.
Eckley T. Stearns, 349.
James W. Clark, 348.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
Henry G. Walker, 393.
William A. Frothingham, 393.
Frank Y. Bradley, 346.
George F. Hammond, 347.
FOR SHERIFF.
Isaac G. Virgin, 390.
Jordan Stacy, 348.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
George W. Hammond, 391.
Jarvis C. Marble, 359.
FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
Sam'l. F. Gibson, 390.
Albert S. Austin, 349.
FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,
Alfred S. Kimball, 393.
James S. Wright, 346.
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS.
Henry S. McIntire, 299.
John F. Stanley, 351.
FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO LEGISLATURE,
H. M. Bearce, 1.
John A. Bolster, 230.
Henry M. Bearce, 363.

Harrison.

Lakeside Grange held a basket picnic on the grounds of Mr. S. H. Dawes on Saturday last. Quite a number from Crooked River Grange were also present by invitation. The afternoon was passed very pleasantly, and all seemed to enjoy the occasion very much. Quite a number improved the chance to go through Mr. Dawes's extensive orchard, small fruit gardens, and adjacent grounds, and only regretted that they had no more time to spend. The next picnic meeting of this grange will be at the residence of N. H. Seavey on Saturday afternoon, Sept. 16th.——Business has commenced at the corn shop, but does not promise to be very lively. Doubtless there will be some pieces of corn that will give a fair yield, but many will be almost a total failure. One man got less than 100 cans from a half acre.——The Selectmen have decided to locate the proposed road around the Dawes Hill. The distance by the proposed road is said to be 130 rods further than by the old road.——Of course there is considerable work being done by politicians at this time, but it is being done very quietly. About the only sign of it that can be seen is an occasional gathering of a few of the prominent men in the parties, and even then they almost have the appearance of having met by chance.—*Bridgton News.*

Stoneham.

Wesley Adams of this town had quite an adventure with a bear one day last week. He was on Speckled Mountain and saw three bears, an old female with three cubs. He took off his boots and ran in his stocking feet to the Durgan mountain. On arriving there (the old bear being out of sight,) he undertook to catch the cubs, but old brain put in an appearance and a standing fight ensued that bid fair for a while to outrival the set-to between John Sullavan and Tug Wilson, and brain like Tug was not easily knocked out of time, and Wesley finding the thing getting rather too hot for him picked up his gun and fired killing her on the spot, but not before receiving several scratches on the hands.

Dick Martz gave a show in the town hall last night making the fifth time he has passed through this town. He always draws a full house. Last night the hall was so full that it was difficult to find standing room. Every one went home fully satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

E. B. Russell, whose eye was injured last May, leaves next week for Boston to consult an oculist.

The bears have killed a number of sheep for Jno. Bartlett lately.

Geo. Whitehouse went to New Hampshire last week and gathered forty pounds of spruce gum which he wishes to dispose of.

Paris Hill.

The *Democrat* says: Lumber is on the ground and work has been begun on the addition to Hutchinson & Newell's store.——Quite a number of friends and neighbors visited J. C. Holt and wife, last Wednesday. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Holt have been in poor health for some time, and their friends thought this a favorable opportunity to remember them. A quantity of useful household articles and quite a bunch of silver dollars were left with lots of good wishes, and congratulations on the occasion.——Angus Grant of the Montreal Telegraph Co. was in the village Friday. He was greatly pleased with the amount of business done at this office, and at the proficiency of our operator. Mr. Grant is a courteous gentleman and interests himself in making new operators at home in their offices.——Geo. L. Mellen lost his valuable and faithful horse Saturday morning. The animal had been subject to colic spells for several years, one of which terminated suddenly and fatally.——Dr. Estes will preach at the Stearns school house next Sunday at 4 o'clock.——We learn that Lieut. E. T. Brown injured one of his hands while shooting at Creedmore last week.——Mrs. T. T. Snow has a lawn tennis ground marked out in her field on Lincoln Street.

Waterford.

Aug. 22d was the sixtieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hale's marriage. Both are remarkably well preserved, and do a large amount of work. They have always lived in the same house which they built on Waterford Flat.——Miss A. M. Russell, a graduate of Bridgton Academy will teach a Fall term of school, in this district. Capt. Henry O. Appleby is visiting his parents at the Waterford House.——The large Crooked River bridge on the stage road between Norway and Waterford is being made over new this week.——P. M. Haskell has the contract.——John Kimball and Frank Milliken started in the threshing business last week.——George Wheeler has recovered from his severe illness.——Mrs. Harris of Boston, a guest at the Waterford House, has made some fine sketches in oil of the scenery about Waterford Flat.——The Fall term of Miss H. E. Douglass' Home School commences on Wednesday.——Henry J. Hamlin has appeared on the street with a handsome span of dapple gray horses.—*Bridgton News.*

South Waterford.

Mr. Chas. A. Young, our young merchant, has got home from his two weeks vacation. He reports a good time.

Town meeting was exceedingly quiet. A. S. Kimball ran 25 ahead of his ticket.

Mr. Andrew Hapgood of the firm of Cobb & Hapgood, had a very narrow escape from a terrible accident last Saturday at Bolster's Mills. While passing a piece of board his clothing was caught by a set screw in a pulley on a shaft revolving 500 times per minute. In an instant every particle of his clothing was torn into shreds. The reason that he was not instantly killed was that the belt slipped off from the pulley. It was a six inch belt, carrying an eight inch saw. Except a few bruises and scratches Mr. H. is all right.

Mr. James S. Grant has been and is at present, very sick. Although in a very dangerous situation, he did not lose his vote.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Noble will be absent for a few weeks, visiting friends.

Mrs. L. F. Ayer of Saco, and Mrs. Mary A. Black of Lynn, Mass., are guests at E. W. Ayers'.

Freeman Horr is putting on an addition to his mill. He will soon be ready to manufacture evaporated apple.

Parties wishing to purchase, or those interested in cattle should visit the yards of Mr. H. Hamlin's, East Waterford. We saw one yoke 7½ foot cattle, very nicely matched, also a span of grays, 6 years old, all right, 2250 lbs.

Those in want of fine roadsters will do well to call on E. Nelson and E. W. Ayer.

Frank Ayer, who has been at work at the Glen House, returned home Thursday.

Sumner.

Rev. A. P. Tinker, of Auburn, will deliver his popular and interesting lecture entitled, "The Sea," at the Congregational church in Sumner, on Wednesday eve, Sept. 20th. A small admittance fee will be charged to defray expenses.——If sufficient encouragement is given it is suggested that a series of useful and entertaining lectures might be given in different localities by able persons, and thus bring home to our young people some of the advantages afforded to larger places. If more useful amusements and entertainments were furnished at home, there would be less discontent and sighing for city pleasures and allurements. Encourage home pleasures.——On last Sabbath a train of four crowded cars of people passed from Canton to Buckfield, where Rev. H. C. Munson preached to a large audience assembled in the Methodist church.——The R. F. & B. road is finely equipped, and with courteous and gentlemanly managers and train men, it is receiving the patronage it deserves. It is safe, prompt and reliable, and deservedly popular with all who have occasion to patronize it.—*Journal.*

Bolster's Mills.

Joseph Wight, esq., a Boston merchant, is spending a few weeks visiting his relatives and friends in Otisfield and Harrison.

Nelson Lowell, who left Harrison about two years since to take charge of a farm in Halifax, Mass., is visiting his friends in this vicinity.

Russell Chute and wife of Templeton, Mass., are visiting his father in Casco, and other relatives in Otisfield, Harrison and Bridgton. Mr. Chute was employed by Brown & Co. at North Bridgton in their shop, in the manufacture of furniture before going to Mass.

Most of the visitors and boarders from the cities have returned to their homes, and the usual quiet prevails in this place.

The election passed off very quietly in Otisfield last Monday. Mr. Cook, the Republican candidate for representative to the Legislature, was elected in the district composed of the towns of Casco, Harrison and Otisfield.

The Judge of Probate for Cumberland county has appointed A. B. Lovewell, administrator of the estate of John D. Osgood, late of Raymond, by request of Mr. Osgood and his family.

Old and New.

A brother of Presidens Garfield has lived for many years in northern Michigan on a small and sterile farm. The Grand Haven papers say that he is now building a fine house and barn with money given him by Mrs. Garfield.

The widow of John Brown has been presented with an appropriate address by the Citizens' and Ladies' Committees of Chicago, and with the receipts of the benefit reception lately tendered her in Farwell Hall, amounting to several hundred dollars.

North Carolina has such a big crop of apples that it is dangerous for a tramp to sleep under one of the fruit trees.

Wells Evans' grist mill and the stable attached to it, at Jefferson Mills, were destroyed by fire, Sept. 4, caused by a cat tipping over a lamp while Evans was feeding his horses. Loss $5000; insured for $2000.

A lady called at one of the stores in Dover and asked permission to wait and see the horse cars, which was of course granted. During the conversation while waiting she remarked, "I suppose they will whistle when they are coming, won't they?"

The Norway Plains manufacturing company at Rochester, employs 410 hands at a monthly pay-roll of $9,500, and produces $618,000 worth of blankets, tweeds and repellants annually.

Gen. Robert Toombs of Georgia, according to an Atlanta letter, has greatly changed recently in his physical condition. His eyesight has nearly failed him, and his once full face has grown wrinkled. It is predicted that his long and brilliant career, with all its successes and failures, will soon come to an end.

Notwithstanding the extravagance of Congress, the United States treasury is still in such a condition that it can pay off the public debt at the rate of $16,000,000 a month. This fact shows the exceeding prosperity of the country.

"There is no evil without its compensation," said the young man, "the shorter the summer, the less interest there will be to pay on the ulster."

A New York physician says the practice of watering the streets is productive of disease. New York folks don't believe in watering anything but stock.

Salt mackerel is a new shade for men's clothing. It is probably intended for wet weather wear, as salt mackerel is always ahead of a rubber overcoat for keeping a man dry.

"Yes," said the Georgia editor, "I'm going to fight a duel. Not that there's any thing to fight about, but all the other papers are advertising that way."

Once when Miss Caroline Sedgwick, the New England authoress, was in England, an aristocratic lady asked her, "Have you any large old trees in America?—O, I beg your pardon, your country hasn't been settled long enough for that."

No book agent or lightning-rod man can find his way into Prince Bismark's presence at Varzin. He has prohibited all of his tenantry from entertaining any strangers that may come among them, on any pretence, and the order is implicitly obeyed.

Key West now employs forty vessels in the business of gathering sponges.

The amalgamated association has voted to continue the iron strike at Pittsburg, Pa.

Five hundred Kentucky mules for the English army in Egypt passed through East Buffalo, on Wednesday.

Austin, Nevada, is happy in the possession of a wild animal that kills and eats all the domestic cats. It is called a carcajou.

Thirty-five years ago two charitable institutions of Philadelphia received a bequest of six thousand acres of wild land in the western part of Pennsylvania. They have had no income from the property, but a recent discovery of oil makes it worth two millions of dollars.

Certificates of deposit for $7000, fraudulently obtained from the Rhode Island national bank by R. S. Ballard, Friday, came back to-day through Blackstone bank, of Boston, and was protested. It is stated that Blackstone bank advanced only $500 on this certificate.

It is understood that Governor Colquitt of Georgia, will appoint Ben Hill as successor to his father in the United States Senate. Young Hill is 32 years old and is now solicitor general of the Atlantic circuit.

Nebraska State anti-Prohibition convention met at Nebraska. There was a large attendance. A resolution was adopted against voting for prohibition candidates, and requiring all candidates who receive the support of the convention to give a pledge to work against prohibition.

The city corporation of Montreal has declined to take charge of a bequest of $15,000 left by Major Mills for distribution in bread to the city poor.

PRIVATEERS OF THE WAR OF 1812.—Ballou's Monthly Magazine is publishing a thrilling series of privateering sketches of the war of 1812, by Captain George H. Coomer. The October number of Ballou's has a spirited story of the exploits of the celebrated schooner Macdonough, which inflicted so much injury on English commerce. These historical sketches are original and intensely thrilling. In addition, Ballou's has some beautiful illustrations and the following instructive table of contents: "Chrysantheums;" "The City of Tarifa;" "Floral Decorations;" "Vere Glenn:" "New Zealand;" "Mies Lo;" "A Midnight Battle in Apache Land;" "Which is Sadder?" "An Idyl of the Backwoods;" "My Mother's Miniature;" "Farewell;" "An Oyster Baby;" "A Vision;" "Views among the Wonders of Nature;" "Privateers of the War of 1812;" "Isabel Deane;" "Yule-Time in Shetland;" "A Withered Rose;" "The Schoolma'am of Mineral Hill;" "The Fortunes of the Gainsborough Family;" Young People's Story-Teller—"Kidnapped in the Dark Continent;" "Letty's Innian Boy;" "What is Jealousy?" (from the Spanish); "Pipes and Tobacco;" "Ruthven's Puzzle-Page;" "The Ladies' Own Page;" "Editorial Notes;" "The House-keeper;" "Curious Matters;" "Things Pleasant and Otherwise;" "Our Picture Gallery."

Back numbers can always be had. Send ten cents for a specimen copy if your newsdealer does not have it on sale.

Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass., at only $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country at 15 cents a copy.

FULL LINE OF
CONFECTIONERY!
THE
Best Flour!
Choice Groceries,
—AND—
Family Supplies.
F. H. Noyes' Grocery Store, Norway.



Are you suffering from FEVER AND AGUE AND MALARIA?
"LEWIS' RED JACKET BITTERS"
is the only known PURELY VEGETABLE preparation, now before the public, that will effect a quick and sure cure. *It never fails.*
Contains No Mineral Or Poisonous Substance.
FREE FROM SEDIMENT.
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Sick Headache, Constipation, Sour Eructations of the Stomach and Nervousness, invariably yield to the vegetable remedies in "Lewis' Red Jacket Bitters."
FEMALE DIFFICULTIES
in Young or Old, Married or Single, yield readily to this invaluable "family" medicine.
Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Jaundice.
"Lewis' Red Jacket Bitters"
Stimulates the inactive "Liver" to healthfully exert itself, relieves the Bowels, not violently, but effectually, and strengthens the Stomach.
Read what Eminent New Haven Physicians and Chemists say, Graduates of the Great University
YALE COLLEGE,
New Haven, Conn. June 5th. 1882.
Mess'rs LEWIS & CO., Gentlemen.
From a careful consideration of the formula of the "Red Jacket Bitters" prepared by you, I am unable to discover anything of a *Mineral or deleterious nature* among the ingredients entering into its composition.
Very Truly Yours,
William D. Anderson, M. D,
New Haven, Conn. June 8th. 1882.
Mess'rs LEWIS & CO.,
Having examined the formula, and subjected to a *careful analysis* the preparation known as "Red Jacket Bitters," I hereby certify to the fact that it contains no Mineral or poisonous substance, and is composed of excellent material.
V. M. DOW, M. D.
LEWIS & CO., Proprietors New Haven Conn.
Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free, send for one.

For Sale!
AT A BARGAIN.
The late MOSES AMES place, at the Falls. Inquire of
GEORGE S. AMES,
Sept. 8, 1882. Norway, Me.

More New Goods!
A new lot of BOX STATIONERY, of the latest styles and designes
POCKET and ACCOUNT BOOKS:
AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS; a rare lot of RAZORS and STROPS, including combined Shaving Sets, and all articles usually kept in a first-class
Drug and Book Store.
☞Prescriptions compounded by careful and experienced Pharmacists. None but pure and carefully selected drugs used.
Noyes' Drug and Book Store.

PERFUME!
ROBINSON'S,
—AT—
At - - - Noyes' Drug Store.

NEW LOT
Glass Ware
—AT—
HOLMES'.
Call and see it, at the Falls!

Books, Stationery,
Cards, Tags, &c.,
can be found at NOYES' Drug and Book Store, Norway.

J. A. BOLSTER & SONS,
Marble, Granite and Monument Works!
DEALERS IN
Coffins, Caskets,
Undertaker's Ware!
Velvet and Crape Caskets a specialty.
NORWAY, ME.

Mixed Paints
Of all kinds, and in any quantity, at NOYES' DRUG & BOOK STORE.

ASHTON SALT!
IS THE BEST IN THE MARKET
—FOR—
Dairy Use.
For sale at Geo. W. Holmes' Store,
At the Falls.

New Fly Paper and Insect Powder,
In quantities to suit, at NOYES' DRUG AND BOOK STORE, Norway, Me.

HARRY LANE!
THE
Fashionable Tailor!
Norway, Me.
NEW AND LATEST STYLES
New Suitings,
FOR! FALL!
a Large Lot, just received. FULL LINE TRIMMINGS for all garments made.
Shirt Patterns
cut to order. All work warranted satisfactory and made to fit.
☞Remember and visit Lane if you want a NOBBY SUIT, or your garments mended.

Special Bargains
—IN—
MILLINERY!
For the next 30 Days.
We have a large stock of HATS, FLOWERS, LACES, &c., that we are offering at prices lower than you can buy elsewhere.
These goods we shall sell at prices which will be satisfactory to our customers.
☞Please call and get prices.
M. E. CROCKETT.

JOEL S. FROST & SON.,
Freight Carriers and Job Teaming!
Residence and Stable on Water Street,
Norway.
☞Your work is solicited. (30tf

BARGAINS IN HAMMOCKS
Croquet Sets, at Crockett's Drug Store.

Cool Soda!
At CROCKETT'S DRUG STORE.

OXFORD, ss.—Probate Court, at Paris, August Term, A. D. 1882.

On the Petition of LUCINDA A. BARTLETT, widow of Luther B. Bartlett, late of Greenwood, in said county, deceased, praying that her dower may be set out to her from the real estate of said deceased:

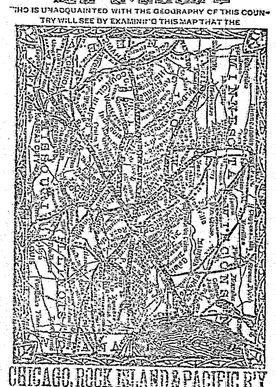
ORDERED, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Advertiser, printed at Norway, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted. R. A. FRYE, Judge.
Attest:—H. C. DAVIS, Register.

L. L. Howard, Jr.
WOULD like to say to those wishing CEMETERY WORK, that he has added the
MARBLE
to his GRANITE BUSINESS, and with the
Granite & Marble
united, and a number of years' experience, believes that he is safe in saying that he can give them as good work, and at lower prices than any one in Oxford County. If you do not believe it, call, and he will tell you the reason why.
He employs no agent, but if parties wishing work will drop him a card, he will call and see them, and give them the benefit of agent's pay.
In short, he wishes to say that he will make every effort to give those who employ him their money's worth.
POLISHED GRANITE
a specialty.
URNS! or anything in the Cemetery line, furnished.
L. L. HOWARD, JR.
Norway, Me., July 7, 1882.
N. B.—No business from sunset Friday, to sunset Saturday.

REMEMBER
THE
Adams & Westlake
Wire-Gauze, Non-Explosive
OIL STOVES.
Bake better, Boil quicker, and Broil nicer than any Oil or Gas Stove manufactured, and was awarded the Gold Medal at the ATLANTA EXPOSITION for "Safety, great variety and perfect arrangement of the heating and cooking apparatus." This award was made over a contest with Coal, Oil, Gas and Vapor Stoves.
These Stoves took the *HIGHEST AWARD* of *Paris, France, Exposition,* 1878.
Cincinnati, Ohio, do. 1879.
Toronto, Canada, do. 1879.
Worcester, Mass., do. 1880.
BRONZE MEDAL at World's Fair, Melbourne, Australia, 1880.
HIGHEST AWARD at Industrial Exposition, Providence, R. I., 1881.
GOLD MEDAL at International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga. 1881.
Don't Fail to see the *Wire-Gauze, Non-Explosive* in operation, at J. O. CROOKER'S Hard Ware Store, opposite the recent *Great Fire* in Norway Village.
Also a *large stock of HARDWARE, Cutlery, Playing Tools,* and other seasonable goods, for sale at *lowest prices.*
J. O. CROOKER.
Norway, June 20, 1882.

AT COST!
Now is the time!
This is the place!
Ladies avail yourselves of this opportunity. You may never have a chance to purchase goods at such bargains again.
As my store is to undergo thorough repairs this fall, I offer my entire stock
Of Millinery at Cost
during the remainder of the summer, in order that I may reduce the same.
☞Don't think this is mere talk; I mean just what I say.
Remember the time is now!
The place, the store of
Mrs. A. B. CHASE,
Beal's Block, Norway, Me.

A MAN
"NO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY
By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."
A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.
All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.
Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.
Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.
For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,
At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY
IS THE LOSS OF
MANHOOD
A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Spermatorrhœa induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c. By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.
The world-renowned author in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.
☞This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.
Sent under seal, in, a plain envelope, to any address, post-paid, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y.
Post Office Box 450.

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1882.

NORWAY POST OFFICE.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Up closes at 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. Arrives at a. m. and 3:35 p. m. Down Mail closes at a. m. Arrives at 6:28 p. m. and 10:35 All mail for the early morning train, be left at post office by 8:30 p. m., the before.
Miss M. F. JACKSON, Assistant.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.
Passenger trains from the Norway Br connect with the Grand Trunk at South as follows:

UP TRAINS.	DOWN TRAINS.
10:15 a. m.	6:28 a. m.
3:15 p. m.	10:35 a. m.
	3:40 p. m.

The daily stages for Waterford, Harris Bridgton, leave immediately after the ar of the 3:35 p. m. train from Portland.

Norway Society Directory.

A cordial invitation is extended to strar who belong to any of these organizatio visit the meetings when in town.

Harry Rust Post, G. A. R., No. 54.— the first Friday in each month, at Grange at 8 o'clock.

BUSINESS SPECIALS.
FAIRS: Maine State,—Lewiston. Septe 22-29.
Oxford County, (East.) on grounds bet South Paris and Norway, Oct. 2-3.
NEW GINGHAMS at C. N. Tubbs & Co's.
[Under this head notices will be inserte ten cents per line for each insertion.]
OLD papers for sale at this office, 50 per hundred.
Job printing of every description d this office. Remember this and call wi want of work.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
Groceries—C. N. Tubbs & Co.
Robes and Harnesses—C. S. Tucke
Hogs—Brett & Briggs.
Carpets—E. W. Howe.

NOTICE.
We shall mail this number ADVERTISER and several succe numbers, to various persons in O County not heretofore subscr We send them as *sample copies* paper, and ask people thus rec copies to look them over for weeks and then become perm subscribers. They *will* not be e ed to pay for the paper until give their names as subscribers.

Norway and Vicini

Fall.
$0.25.
25 cents.
Cool nights.
Take this paper.
One quarter of a dollar.
Subscribe for the Advertiser.
There is a balm for all who we
President Arthur was at Bar H this week.
C. M. Pulsifer, the mail carrier the sick list.
The stone bridge on Pleasant has been finished.
Cyrus S. Tucker speaks of hi in trade in this paper.
It is the five dollar gun that d business. See ad.
The Moses Ames stand is for the Falls.
Mr. Joel Perham of Boston, ha visiting his sister, Mrs. J. C. Ch of this place.
Work on the association h progressing. The greater part building is raised.
C. N. Tubbs & Co. have just ed a large lot of St. Louis Flou best in the market. See ad.
The High School opened T with a large number of st Lower rooms as usual are crow
The September term of the S Court commences at Paris Hi Tuesday with Judge Walton bench.
As a result of guessing on th man, one of our citizens will veyed through the principal st pompous style Saturday eve at m. All are invited to be prese
Mr. J. D. Wilson is makin boxes for the corn factory, the to be carried out in season packing and shipping of the up this season. Mr. C. B. Cu furnishes the lumber.
Oxford County is one of the mous in New England. It h had a potent influence in the of the State and has given oth scores of men of rare ability ness capacity. The soil as a r fertile, but its frugal peopl "comfortably off" as any co in New England. These mountains have bred a race o men, famous for their physica tions as for their energy and It is, or was a few years ago, strictly agricultural county, populous towns. In the cou is but one post-office which i Presidential appointment. the largest village—a very t prosperous town. Its militar ny was among the first to r the first call of President Li has a shoe factory, a large machine shop, a pulp mill, mills which grind Western several lumber mills. South the Grand Trunk, is its riv smaller. Its leading manufa shoes.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1882.

NORWAY POST OFFICE.

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Miss M. F. JACKSON, Assistant.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Passenger trains from the Norway Branch connect with the Grand Trunk at South Paris as follows:

UP TRAINS.	DOWN TRAINS.
	6:28 a. m.,
10:15 a. m.,	10:45 a. m.,
3:15 p. m.	3:40 p. m.

The daily stages for Waterford, Harrison, & Bridgton, leave immediately after the arrival of the 3:35 p. m. train from Portland.

Norway Society Directory.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit the meetings when in town.

HARRY RUST POST, G. A. R., No. 54.—Meet the first Friday in each month, at Grange Hall, at 8 o'clock.

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FAIRS: Maine State,—Lewiston, September 25-29.
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Hosiery—Brett & Briggs.
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NOTICE.

We shall mail this number of the ADVERTISER and several succeeding numbers, to various persons in Oxford County not heretofore subscribers. We send them as *sample copies* of our paper, and ask people thus receiving copies to look them over for a few weeks and then become permanent subscribers. They *will* not be expected to pay for the paper until they give their names as subscribers.

Norway and Vicinity.

Fall.

$0.25.

25 cents.

Cool nights.

Take this paper.

One quarter of a dollar.

Subscribe for the Advertiser.

There is a balm for all who weep.

President Arthur was at Bar Harbor this week.

C. M. Pulsifer, the mail carrier is on the sick list.

The stone bridge on Pleasant Street has been finished.

Cyrus S. Tucker speaks of his stock in trade in this paper.

It is the five dollar gun that does the business. See ad.

The Moses Ames stand is for sale at the Falls.

Mr. Joel Perham of Boston, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. J. C. Churchill of this place.

Work on the association block is progressing. The greater part of the building is raised.

C. N. Tubbs & Co. have just received a large lot of St. Louis Flour. The best in the market. See ad.

The High School opened Tuesday with a large number of students. Lower rooms as usual are crowded.

The September term of the Supreme Court commences at Paris Hill next Tuesday with Judge Walton on the bench.

As a result of guessing on the wrong man, one of our citizens will be conveyed through the principal streets in pompous style Saturday eve at 7:30, p. m. All are invited to be present.

Mr. J. D. Wilson is making 10,000 boxes for the corn factory, the contract to be carried out in season for the packing and shipping of the cans put up this season. Mr. C. B. Cummings furnishes the lumber.

Oxford County is one of the most famous in New England. It has always had a potent influence in the councils of the State and has given other States scores of men of rare ability and business capacity. The soil as a rule is not fertile, but its frugal people are as "comfortably off" as any community in New England. These hills and mountains have bred a race of stalwart men, famous for their physical proportions as for their energy and capacity. It is, or was a few years ago, an almost strictly agricultural county, with few populous towns. In the county there is but one post-office which is filled by Presidential appointment. Norway is the largest village—a very thrifty and prosperous town. Its military company was among the first to respond to the first call of President Lincoln. It has a shoe factory, a large tannery, a machine shop, a pulp mill, two grist mills which grind Western wheat, and several lumber mills. South Paris, on the Grand Trunk, is its rival, though smaller. Its leading manufactures are shoes.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Frosts.

Corn canning.

Do it at once.

Yellow leaves.

Grey squirrel hunting.

Send in the local items.

Apple bees and huskings.

Advertise in the ADVERTISER.

Raise in powder since election.

Lots of the boys were home to vote.

Mr. Fred Charles of Lowell, Mass., is in town on a short visit.

Frost was visible to the early riser, Wednesday morning.

If you wish to succeed in your business you should advertise in this paper.

Henry Crockett, who is spending the summer at Andover, was in town Monday.

Quite a heavy frost Wednesday morning and did damage on the lowlands.

Mrs. Chas. Blake's class of the Universalist S. S. picnicked in Ordway's Grove last Friday.

Hunters are busily improving this fine weather. The squirrels are quite plenty.

Work at the corn factory is booming. The late variety of corn is a little better than the early. The factory is the busy place now.

Concert in the hall last Thursday evening, week ago. No tickets were received hence no comments to make. It's all right.

J. H. Cotton's near the corn factory is a busy place these days. Such light choice drinks and confectionery is hard to be found elsewhere. Cotton's is the place.

The Portland *Item* takes a rest from now until Oct. 1. It is an amusing little sheet and we are sorry it takes defeat so hard. It will be missed in our office.

Messrs. Brett & Briggs have taken a contract to furnish a Portland Packing house with pork from this section. They are paying the highest cash prices and farmers will do well to see them. See ad.

Mr. Grant of Montreal, superintendent of the Great Northwestern Telegraph Co. inspected the telegraph office in this villlage one day last week. He found everything in good order.

Some seventy school boys recently held a town meeting. The result was 36 votes for Robie and 38 for Plaisted. The Robie boys suggested it should be called a draw game.

Next Tuesday is Probate Court day at Paris Hill. We would suggest to you who are settling estates, that you have the right to designate in which paper you wish your legal advertisement to appear. Our prices for advertising are the same as elsewhere.

Mr. R. Young has gone to St. Johnsbury, Vt., to visit his mother, Mrs. D. Young. Mrs. Young was a resident of this town for fifty years, and is now approaching her 91st birthday. The Dr. predicts no snow this week, but recommends the covering of tender vines and plants nights. Howard Smith, esq., has charge of the weather department.

John Freeman lost a vest, watch and coat at the tannery Thursday morning. He had been smoking and had, as he supposed, put out the fire in his pipe, and put it in his vest pocket. He left his coat and vest and went about his work. It was soon discovered to be on fire. It was a total loss. Fortunately it was discovered in season or else there might have been more damage done.

The order of exercises in the High School room for the present are as follows: A. M. Devotional Exercises; Greek; English Grammar and Analysis; Practical Arithmetic, 1st class; Practical Arithmetic, 2d class. Recess. Algebra, 1st class; Algebra, 2d class; Rhetoric; U. S. History. P. M. General exercises and news of the day in which each pupil takes part. Latin, First Book; Latin, Second Reader; English Composition; Book-keeping. Recess. Physiology; Geometry; Reading; Writing; Spelling. There will be public rhetorical exercises weekly, consisting of delamations, recitations and original compositions, Friday afternoon at 3, p. m. All are invited.

Dogs have commenced their ravages on sheep. Mr. James Bennett had a flock of twenty-nine and out of this flock he now has left only six. Last week the dogs got among them and did the business. Mr. Bennett found thirteen dead in the pasture, several cannot be found while others that were wounded have since died so his loss stands 23. Mr. S. I. Millett, whose pasture joins Mr. Bennett's has lost six out of his flock. This dog-sheep-killing business should be stopped at once by killing the dogs. Mr. Millett saw the dogs and had his gun not missed fire there doubtless would have been one less dog. The dogs that have done this mischief are known and we advise their owners to kill them at once. One thing is certain the dogs won't live long. They will be shot on sight.

Family gathering and picnic at Frank Cox's Thursday. Orrington took a large party up in the "Gipsey Queen."

Mr. G. A. Boardman and wife of Calias have been visiting E. W. Howe and family of this place. Mr. Boardman is on his way to Minneapolis.

Mr. Simeon Frost died at his residence last Tuesday, aged about 71 years. Mr. Frost was a much esteemed and respected citizen and his loss will fall heavily upon a large circle of friends and relatives.

"Orrington" gave his Sabbath School class a ride to Albany Basins Saturday. They were out in full force and had a good time. Jonas was "all right," and proclaimed it as many as five hundred times to the gaping crowd on the route. The beans were carefully picked, and well cooked, which added greatly to George's happiness.

The Daily Kennebec Journal ornamented its columns Tuesday morning with pictures of the four Republican congressman, supposed to be elected. It would be difficult to find four public men whose photographs show a more striking resemblance to each other, than those shown off in the Journal.

We will send the ADVERTISER from now until Jan'y. 1st, 1883 to new subscribers, on trial for the small sum of twenty-five cents cash in advance. Please help us circulate the paper by sending a copy to your absent friends whom you think will be interested in home news. Suggest to the neighbor who borrows your paper that we need his help to make the ADVERTISER live.

Saturday morning, after a gradual decline under that scourge consumption, Nora, wife of James Shedd, passed away at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Seavey. Mrs. Shedd was one of the finest of our village girls, and as a wife faithful, and generally beloved and respected. We sympathize heartily with those thus called upon to mourn, and as we miss the ones who are best and dearest, so will her loss long be felt and her memory long be cherished. Rev. Mr. Wiswell attended the funeral and the choir was under charge of Mr. Clement.

From the Hub.

The election has passed, and the result shows that the people in this section well considered the interest of the Bull Pasture before casting their vote.

Harvesting has commenced earlier than usual, on account of the drouth, but we have been unable to gain any reliable information as yet of the average yield. Some of the planters anticipate great crops. Your reporter is satisfied that the potato crop must be enormous. In digging hills on the northern and southern sections of his lot, he is confident they will average ninety hills to the peck. We may be counting chickens before they hatch, however.

Mrs. Fred Stevens, who has been very ill of late, is now on the mending hand.

The Norway Light Infantry passed through the principal street of the Hub, Tuesday night, on their way home from dress parade. They were in full uniform and made a fine appearance.

Mr. Drake informs us that his loss by the late fire has been satisfactorily adjusted and he hopes to be in possession of two shirts very soon. Persons using kerosene oil stoves should see that they have a permit from the company in which they are insured, or all losses by fires occasioned by their use may not be so promptly adjusted. We are notified that no Insurance Company is holden for any loss by an oil stove, unless permission is granted by the company in which they are insured. To the credit of the New York Home, the loss in this instance has been paid, and the above information tendered free of charge. The "Home" will please accept thanks for both favors.

Norway Lake.

We took in our banner on Monday because it rained.

Mrs. M. M. Bullard of Cambridge, Mass., is in town stopping at Col. James Crockett's. Her parents were residents here.

J. F. Bradbury is painting up his block of buildings. We believe the color is French yellow with French green for trimmings. Folks say he is odd.

Dr. Bradbury and wife will return from their trip down east next week.

Mrs. L. A. Bradbury is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Stevens at Mechanic Falls.

North Norway.

Dry weather. Every one is wishing for a good old fashioned rain storm. The wells in this vicinity are beginning to feel the effects of the drouth. One lady 85 years old living alone is obliged to go a quarter of a mile for what water she needs.

Thieves made Henry Hobbbs' premises a visit last Tuesday night and stole a valuable buffalo robe and whip.

J. H. French and wife from Boston, arrived at their father's residence Sept. 11th to spend a few weeks.

Parties among the young people are all the style now in this region. Last one at Alfred Hobbs' Sept. 9th and a good time reported.

Plenty of threshing machines round this fall. Judkins and Co. are threshing at Swift's Corner now.

South Paris.

A very slight frost in portions of our village on Tuesday night.

A copious rain the night after election. We don't know whether this had anything to do with the returns or not, but it was very acceptable to both parties.

Mr. L. F. Keene and wife returned to Boston on Wednesday.

Mrs. S. D. Brown of Naples, is visiting friends here, who are rejoiced to find her greatly improved in health.

Peaches are $1.50 to $2.00 a crate.

Rev. Mr. Simons has gone to the Bethel camp meeting, which began Tuesday, and will close next Monday, Sept. 18th.

The corn factory is in full blast. An extended report of its operations will be given soon.

Capt. H. N. Bolster has moved back into his former, but much improved store.

VIDI.

If you like the ADVERTISER say s and invite your neighbors to take it.

Send an ADVERTISER to your absent friends.

MARRIED

In Norway, Sept. 10, at the residence of the bride's father, S. J. Frost, by Rev. W. W. Hooper, Mr. Azel H. Kingsley of Yarmouth, to Miss Isabel A. Frost of Norway.

In Rumford, Sept. 2d, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. G. H. Hannaford, Mr. Llewellyn D. Elliott and Miss Della L. Segar, both of Rumford.

DIED

In Norway, Sept. 9, Nora, wife of James Shedd, aged 23 years.

In Norway, Sept. 12, Simeon Frost, aged 70 years and 9 months.

Just Received at
C. N. TUBBS & Co's,
St. Louis "Roller Process," Flour!
OF THE BEST MAKE.
☞Try it. Call and get the prices.

Dress Flannels!
OF ALL THE
Fashionable Colors, at
TUBB'S.

Cyrus S. Tucker
Has for sale at the *lowest living prices,*
BUFFALO and WOLF ROBES!
Woolen Lap Robes, Horse Blankets
of every kind. Trunks, Valises, Satchels, etc., etc.
Sale and Custom Made
HARNESSES!
☞All kinds of WHIPS on hand. All goods warranted as represented.
Shop and Store, Main St.,
Norway, Me.

Attention Farmers!
Highest cash price paid for
ROUND HOGS!
—AT—
BRETT & BRIGGS' MARKET,
Norway, Me.

Just Received!
A NEW LOT OF
Carpetings and Feathers.
E. W. HOWE.
Sept. 15, 1882.

John F. Fitz's Store,
Main Street,
Norway, Me.
The largest and best assortment of
Canned Goods,
Meats and Fruit.
Confectionery, Fruits, Nuts, & Fancy Groceries, Jellies & Preserves.
KENNADY'S CRACKERS a specialty.
DEALER IN
Fresh Fish, Oysters, SALT NAPES, FINS, MACKEREL, AND TONGUES.
Summit Spring Water
for sale by the barrel or the glass.
☞Always pleased to wait on customers.

31 DIFFERENT BRANDS OF
TOBACCO!
At - - - - - **FITE'S.**

OVER **50** Different kinds of CIGARS!
☞If you want a good one, call at J. F. FITZ'S; he has half a hundred varieties to select from.

Stop and Read.
Largest Stock & Lowest Prices
—IN—
Oxford County!
—AT—
J. F. ALLEN'S,
Norway, Me.
Have just filled up my store with
Boots and Shoes!
bought of the best and most reliable manufacturers in New England.
THEY WERE
Bought for Cash,
AND WILL BE
SOLD VERY LOW!
☞Call and examine; no trouble to show goods.
Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers, Etc.,
—FOR—
Ladies, Gents, Girls, Boys, Farmers, Mechanics, and every body.
☞Boots and Shoes made to order. Also Repair Work done, at
ALLEN'S, opposite Elm House.

NEW GOODS!
A LARGE LOT OF THOSE
5 AND 10 CENT TERRA COTTA
FLOWER POTS!
ALSO,
Two New Styles of those 40 Cent
Glass Sets!
☞These are all rare bargains, and we cannot always keep them in stock at these prices.
HOBBS' Variety Store.

To Let.
A Very Desirable Tenement!
☞For particulars, inquire of Mrs. CHASE, widow of the late Philip Chase, on Beal St., Norway, Me.

SPECIAL!
12 Gauge Single Bbl.
Breech Loading
SHOT GUNS!
Only 5 Dollars.
BRASS AND PAPER SHELLS!
WADS, CAPS, &c.
Powder and Shot!
A Large Stock at
LOW PRICES!
—AT—
MASON BRO'S,
Shackley Store,
Norway Me.

BUY THE
GLOBE FLOUR
—AT—
HOLMES'.
BEST BRAND IN THE MARKET!
and sold at bottom prices!
Try it!

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers!
MR. BENSON HAWKINS has added largely to his stock of Boots and Shoes, and would be pleased to renew all friendly relations with his old friends and customers that was so abruptly interfered with nearly a year ago, by pain and sickness. Call and see him. He has
Ladies' and Misses' French and American
Kid Boots & Slippers.
Also, Gents' thick and thin Boots!
Shoes and Slippers, of every description, as low as elsewhere.

J. U. P. BURNHAM,
PHOTOGRAPHER!!
Cottage St.,
NORWAY, ME.
☞Photography in all its branches, at reasonable prices. Copies, Views, &c.

Professional and Business Cards.

HENRY UPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
Office back of F. Howe's Insurance Office.

HENRY M. BEARCE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
Office in Savings Bank Building, Main St.

CHARLES F. WHITMAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
Office in Grange Building, Main St.

JOHN A. ROBERTS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
NORWAY, ME.
Office opposite H. Cole's Jewelry Store.

CALVIN E. EVANS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
NORWAY, ME.
Particular attention paid to diseases of the Eye and Ear.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.,
Homœopathist,
NORWAY, ME.
Residence & office opposite Crockett's Drug Store. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m. & 7 to 9 p. m.

FRANK H. TILTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
NORWAY, ME.
Office and residence on Cottage St.
Office hours, 12 m. to 2 p. m. & 7 to 9 p. m.

C. L. PIKE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
NORWAY, ME.
Residence and office at Dr. Bradbury's late stand, Main St.

B. F. BRADBURY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
NORWAY, ME.
Residence at Dr. Jones'. Office in Hathaway Block.

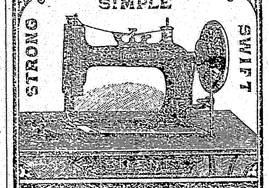
NORWAY SAVINGS BANK.
Main Street, NORWAY, ME.
Money to loan, on good security, at reasonable rates.
ROBERT NOYES, Pres't. H. M. BEARCE, Treas'r.

FREELAND HOWE.
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
NORWAY, ME.

J. T. ROWE,
New Hair Dressing Rooms,
NORWAY, ME.
Clean Shave and a Stylish Cut!
Best barber shop on Main street.

CROCKETT'S
New Drug Store!!
I am pleased to announce that I am back again in the
New Hathaway Block,
And that I have a larger and better stock than ever before, of
DRUGS!
Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery,
Room Papers,
WINDOW SHADES & FIXTURES,
Bird Cages, Croquet Sets, Hammocks, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, Toilet Articles, Sponges, Chamois Skin,
Fishing Tackle!
and hundreds of articles too numerous to mention. In fact everything usually kept in a
FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE!
Physicians Prescriptions a speciality.
S. R. CROCKETT,
Registered Apothecary,
June 24, 1882. Norway, Me.

Large Assortment
—OF—
ROOM PAPERS
—AND—
BORDERS
To be found in Oxford County, at Noyes' Drug and Book Store, Norway.
☞All papers trimmed free.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS
THE
LIGHT RUNNING
NEW HOME
SIMPLE
STRONG
SWIFT

SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR
HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO, ILL. ATLANTA, GA.
FOR SALE BY

Curtains and Curtain Fixtures!
Of all descriptions, at
NOYES' DRUG STORE.

NEWS OF THE DAY

GENERAL ITEMS.

—At Newport, R. I., a boy seven years old died after a brief illness, and three physicians pronounced it a case of Asiatic cholera.

—In the Star Route trial in Washington, a sensation was created on Thursday when the Court announced that a number of the jurors had been tampered with, and that propositions of a most corrupt nature had been made to them. An investigation will be had.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Gackert, of Reading, Pa., is not expected to survive a terrible attack of hydrophobia with which she was seized after being bitten by a dog ten weeks ago.

—Three babies, children of a debased and drunken mother, were found in a state of helpless intoxication in an alley in West Twenty-sixth street, New York, by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

—Five hundred head of Kentucky mules for the English army passed through East Buffalo, New York, on Wednesday.

—The ship Thomas Pope, arrived at San Francisco from the Arctic, brings news of the loss of the steam whaler North Star, through being crushed in the ice off the coast of Alaska.

—Three Americans, said to be dangerous bank robbers, broke from Montreal jail Tuesday night.

—George A. Reeves, Speaker of the Texas House of Representatives, died from hydrophobia caused by the bite of a rabid dog.

—Reuben Woolman, of Pittsgrove, Salem County, has been nominated for Congress by the Prohibition Labor Convention of the First District of New Jersey.

—The Greenbackers of the Second District of New Jersey have nominated Edward T. Howland for Congress.

—In New York City, the Tammany Hall Committee on Organization decided to send a full delegation to the Democratic State Convention, and voted to send five representatives to the Anti-Monopoly State Convention and to ask that body to make no nominations until after the adjournment of the Democratic Convention.

—The brigades of labor turned out in procession in New York on Tuesday with banners and music, making a huge demonstration. About fifteen thousand men were in line.

—The English Volunteer Rifle team made their first appearance for practice at Creedmoor Tuesday, and achieved a score that surpassed that of the American team by over one hundred points.

—Russell Errett, of the Pennsylvania Twenty-second, and Thomas M. Bayne, of the Twenty-third Congressional District, have been nominated.

—At the New York Democratic State Convention at Syracuse there will probably be four contending delegations. The *Herald* says there is an absence of harmony among the organizations professedly opposed to John Kelly.

—From Brownsville, Texas, 140 new cases of yellow fever are reported in two days and ten deaths.

—Two physicians were carried into a lake by a runaway team and drowned, on Sunday, at Post Mill Village, Vt.

—The Boston 'longshoremen's strike has ended.

—Representatives of the ironworkers at Pittsburg, Pa., decided to continue their strike. They demand $6 a ton for puddling and decline to compromise.

—Dr. Hedges and Mr. Scott, of Newberg, N. Y., who obtained several thousand dollars by manipulating cards against the money of Francis P. Weed, are now in Chicago, and say they intend to keep the money as the statute of limitations allows them to do, and the money cannot be taken from them.

—A large quantity of goods, alleged to be the property of the Philadelphia Almshouse, was found in the house where the absconded Superintendent Phipps recently boarded. The search for public property is being continued, and it is probable that arrests of other officials will be made.

—Six persons were injured by the explosion of a boiler in Cincinnati.

—A store near Portsmouth, Me., was entered by two masked men and robbed. The proprietor was maltreated to such an extent that he is expected to die of his injuries.

—Richard Martin, of Adams township, Michigan, died on Thursday night of genuine Asiatic cholera.

—A man near St. Louis, Mo., whose wife had procured a divorce, shot and killed his two little children and then committed suicide.

—General Sherman, in execution of a court martial, reprimands Major Joseph H. Taylor, Assistant Adjutant General, United States Army, for conduct prejudicial to discipline.

—While riding in a wagon near West Albany an aged German and his wife were killed through being struck by a locomotive.

—The British Rifle Team arrived on the Alaska and were heartily welcomed by representatives of the National Rifle Association.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—Arabi's army is said to number 93,100 men, with 143 guns.

—A rumor is current in Paris that England has signed a secret treaty with Turkey relative to the ultimate organization of Egypt.

—Three Cuban leaders who had escaped from Cadiz were returned to the Spanish authorities by the British police at Gibraltar.

—One of the severest earthquakes ever know on the Isthmus of Panama occurred Thursday.

—Ten persons arrested for complicity in the murder of the Joyce family, near Cong, Ireland, have been committed for trial.

—In the Odeon Theatre, Paris, a fight occurred between M. Paul Deroulede, the poet, and M. Mayer, the director of the *Lanterne*. Both combatants were removed to the police station.

—It is asserted that the conspiracy discovered in Alexandria had for its object the massacre of the Khedive and the Christians and to attack the forts. The Greek who was arrested will be sent to Greece.

—The American Vice-Consul at Manila is among the 257 persons who died there of cholera Monday.

—A body of Egyptian cavalry while on a reconnoisance near Kassassin, engaged the British outposts and were driven back.

—There were 165 cases of agrarian outrages in Ireland in August, according to an official report.

—English orders have been received at Woolwich to dispatch 4,000 troops to Egypt. Three thousand are to go to Alexandria and 1,000 to Ismailia.

—Large numbers of Bedouins have been seen on the banks of the Suez Canal, between Port Said and Ismailia.

—A Syrian paper has been suppressed for having published an article against Christians.

—One thousand Greek troops left Athens for the Piræus on Sunday.

—The Sultan of Turkey has proclaimed Arabi Pasha a rebel and has called on all Egyptians to obey the Khedive.

—M. Victor de Lesseps, in a report to the Suez Canal Company, says that General Wolseley had informed him that the English Government accepted responsibility for damage and obstruction to the traffic of the canal.

—The harvests of the world are in an excellent condition. No serious deficiency is reported from any quarter, and there is a general abundance throughout Europe and America. Some damage has been done to the growing crops in the British islands by three days of continuous rain.

—Explosive substances have again been stolen from the Russian imperial depots.

—It is believed that most of the dismissed Dublin policemen will be reinstated.

—The English War Office intends to send three more battalions of infantry to Egypt.

—Three hundred and forty-seven natives and one European died of cholera at Manila on Sunday.

—A military bridge constructed across a ravine fell just after the Czar of Russia had passed over it.

—It is said that a fresh conspiracy has been discovered at Alexandria, its object being to murder all the Europeans in the city.

—A railway accident has occurred near Hugstetten, in Germany. Over fifty persons were killed and many injured.

—Eighty persons are being treated in Dublin hospitals for wounds received in the riots. Mr. Dawson, the Lord Mayor, said that the special constables were simply a cause of disturbance.

—Arabi Pasha is said to have an excellent position near Kassassin. He is in direct communication by rail with Zagazig and Salahiyeh.

—The London police have been threatened with dismissal if they communicate to the press the orders issued to the force.

—The deaths from cholera at Manilla average 300 daily. At Iloilo 4,550 persons died during the last fortnight. The cholera has appeared at Tangier. The Spanish authorities are taking strict precautions to prevent its introduction into Spain.

—It has now been ascertained that in charges made on Saturday night and Sunday during the constable riots in Dublin, 77 persons were wounded by bayonet thrusts, blows and batons.

—Turkey promises to attempt to prevent the raids of the Kurdish chief Obeidullah into Persia.

—Lake Mareotis is about to be flooded, in order to prevent the Arabs from attacking Alexandria on that side.

Cumulative Dividends

In the early days of railroading in Missouri a six-foot stranger, with a bad look in his eye, one day entered a station on the line of the Blank and Dash Road, pulled out ten shares of stock in the company and inquired of the station master if there were any dividends on the stock.

"Never heard of any," was the reply.

"Didn't anybody ever try to collect dividends?"

"If they did they didn't get anything."

"This stock ought to pay ten per cent.," continued the stranger. "Here's a thousand dollars. Ten per cent. a year would be $100. I have held these shares three months, which would be $25. Pardner, I want my divvy!"

"But I've nothing to do with it. You must go to St. Louis."

"Too fur away! I'm going to collect here and save time. Pilgrim, count out my divvy!"

The above peroration was followed by the sight of a six-shooter and an expression which meant business, and the agent didn't consume three minutes counting out the money, which the stranger took, and walked out with the remark that he never invested in stock paying less than ten per cent. and didn't belive in cumulative dividends.

This was the only dividend paid by the road for thirteen years, and the agent on a salary of $40 a month had to stand that.—*St Louis Globe.*

A Lot of Books.

It seems that 2,991 books were published in this country last year, besides those privately issued. The *Publishers' Weekly* estimates the number of copies sold at 3,000,000. These figures give an idea of the extent of the book trade, and show pretty conclusively that a great many people read American books in these days. As classified, the report stands as follows: Fiction, 587; juvenile, 334; biography, memoirs, correspondence, etc., 212; educational, language, 157; descriptive, travel, etc., 161; medical science, hygiene, etc., 190; poetry and drama, 169; literary, history and miscellany, 129; political and social science, 86; history, 108; useful art, commerce, 77; law and government, 76; physical science, mathematics, etc., 89; fine arts, illustrated works, 57; domestic and rural, 38; amusements, sports, etc., 21; humor and satire, 35; music, church and school, 23; mental and moral philosophy, 27; and books of reference, 71. This is not a bad showing by any means; indeed the proportion of serious literature is larger than is generally supposed.

BAD MEN excuse their faults, good men will leave them.—Ben Johnson.

POISONING BY WHOLESALE.

An Awful Story of Crime Among Hungarian Peasants.

A letter from Vienna to the London *Standard* says:—Thekla Popoy, the peasant woman who is being tried on a charge of aiding and abetting upward of a hundred women in poisoning their husbands, is a very remarkable character—destined to occupy a position at once unique and picturesque in the annals of crime. She is a gypsy, and is now some 70 years of age. She lived in a little village named Melencze, and it may almost be said that murder was her trade. People say she had her agents and emissaries, whose business it was to keep up her "connection," and it must have been a horrid and gruesome spectacle to see the grizzly hag seated in her arm-chair every day, receiving her customers during business hours, and giving them the diabolical advice and aid they sought.

They were all married women from the neighboring country side, eager, for some reason or another, to get rid of husbands who obstinately refused to die in the ordinary course of nature, but who, by Thekla's friendly offices, might be made amenable to the resources of art. The wretches paid the old gypsy a fee of from fifty to a hundred florins for each bottle of poison, and were duly instructed by her in the safest methods of its "exhibition."

Thekla Popoy's clients were, however, not always married women. Sometimes she had dealings with young girls who quarreled with their sweethearts, and who, from jealousy or rage, had determined to kill them. This woman's terrible trade prospered amazingly for two years. She excited no suspicion, because the drugs she administered acted slowly, though surely, and in their effects stimulated the symptoms of disease. Even now that the bodies of some of her victims have been exhumed, they show no signs of poisoning, though the stomachs are eaten away.

The first case that set people on the alert was that of one Jocza Kukin, a rich peasant, who died at Melencze two months ago. Ugly rumors about his death were spread, and the gossips whispered mysterious hints of foul play. There was in consequence an inquest; but the most careful post-mortem examination failed to reveal any traces of poisoning in his case.

The whole story was slipping out of the memories of the villagers, when suddenly a dreadful revelation was made. A gypsy girl, the daughter of old Thekla Popoy, came before the court at Gross Beckkerek, and horrified it by the tale she had to tell. She confessed that she gave the wife of Jocza Kukin a bottle of some red liquid poison prepared by her mother. She did this by her mother's instructions. Having had a quarrel with her respected parent over some property she determined to betray her.

Thekla Popoy's daughter further declared that she actually saw Kukin's wife pour this poison into his coffee, and that she told her mother what she knew and had seen. The gypsy replied, "One day I will poison you also unless you hold your tongue."

Of course this statement caused Thekla Popoy and the widow of Kukin to be arrested. They, however, denied the charge brought against them. Oddly enough, the Judge, by a clever ruse not quite in keeping with English notions of fair play to accused prisoners, managed to overhear the two women talking the affair over in jail. Among other things he overheard was Kukin's widow saying to her accomplice:

"Well, I am young and pretty. He was old and ugly. Why should he not die?" The Judge after that had little doubt that the prisoners were guilty. They were therefore put on their trial, and the clue thus unexpectedly placed in the hands of the authorities was actively followed up.

Strange discoveries were soon made, showing that, from the woman Thekla Popoy as a centre, a vast and complex ramification of crime extended far and wide throughout the community. The trial has been deferred for several weeks, so that the bodies of men supposed to have been murdered by their wives may be exhumed and examined.

Labor's Mottoes.

Among the mottoes inscribed on banners carried in the procession of the great Workingmens' demonstration in New York City on Tuesday, were the following:

"Abolish the convict labor system."

"Who stole the Tenement House Cigar bill?"

"Indications for November 5th; a cold day for politicians."

"To the workers should belong the wealth."

"Land, the common property of the whole people."

"Vote the Labor ticket."

"Agitate, educate, organize."

"The Government must issue all money."

"Down with railroad monopoly."

"No man can make land; hence no man can own it."

"Labor built this Republic, and labor shall rule it."

"Down with National bank monopolies."

"Down with Penal Code legislation."

"We demand bureaus of labor statistics."

"Eight hours shall constitute a day's work."

"Children at school and not in factories."

"Prohibit child labor."

"No capitalist, no general, no lawyer shall ever represent labor."

"We seek to act on the square."

There were from 15,000 to 20,000 people in the procession, which was made up of the different labor unions.

THE FLATTERER has not an opinion good enough either of himself or others.—De La Bruyere.

IF YOU feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from "torpid liver," or "biliousness." In many cases of "liver complaint" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures. At all drug stores.

You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors, if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate not a spirit of criticism but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word.—George MacDonald.

SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.
GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever. W. H. WELLER.

Warning to be Given of Frosts.

The Chief Signal Officer of the army has issued the following important notice from Washington:

"A system of warnings for frosts which threaten the tobacco growing sections of the United States will begin on September 1 and continue until November 1, or until a killing frost has occurred. When a frost is anticipated in any district notification of the fact will be telegraphed from this office and, if possible, forty-eight hours in advance. The telegram will define as clearly as practicable the region where the frost is to be anticipated and is to state the time it may be expected to occur. The telegrams will be sent to the different centers, according to the schedules deposited in the telegraph division and the indications-room, and will be addressed, at centers where there are stations of the Signal Service, to the observer in charge, and at other centers to the manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The list of stations will be modified as occasion renders necessary. Officers charged with special duties will take the necessary action."

SHE said she wanted a ticket to Wyandotte and return, and the pale, gentlemanly agent, with the dark mustache, asked as he took up the pasteboards: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business, as I know," she responded tartly. "I might have been married a dozen times if I'd felt like providin' for some poor, shiftless wreck of a man!" He doesn't ask ladies if they want "single" tickets any more. He's afraid to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

YOUNG or middle aged men suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, premature old age, as the result of bad habits, should send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Life often seems but a long shipwreck, of which the debris are friendship, glory and love; the shores of our existence are strewn with them.—Mme. de Stael.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

Rejected lovers need never despair. There are four and twenty hours in a day, and not a moment in the twenty-four in which a woman may not change her mind.—De Finod.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

There are few husbands whom the wife cannot win, in the long run, by patience and love, unless they are harder than the rocks, which the soft water penetrates in time.—Marguerite de Valois.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

How many languish in obscurity who would become great if emulation and encouragement incited them to exertion.—Fenelon.

BAD temper often proceeds from those painful disorders to which women are subject. In female complaints Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure. By all druggists.

LIFE does not count by years. Some suffer a lifetime in a day, and so grow old between the rising and setting of the sun.

THOSE who use Carboline, as now improved and perfected, the great petroleum hair renewer, are always distinguished by the beautiful soft texture of the hair produced by the use of that most exquisite of all toilet preparations.

"Buchupaiba."

Quick, complete cure for kidney affections, irritation, frequent or difficult urination. $1 of druggists. Prepaid by express, $1.25, 6 for $5. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half-dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

MARKET NOTES.

NEW YORK MARKET.

The Wholesale New York market quotations show:

BEANS Prime, $3.25@$3.30; fair to good, $2.75@$3.00 per bushel.

BUTTER—New York sold at 31@32c. for choice in pails, and 23@25c. common to good. Western sold at 28@30c. and the common Western at 18@19c.

CHEESE—Factory fancy, 11¼c.@11½c; do. fair to good, 8@9c.

EGGS—Quotations ranged from 23c for ordinary, to 26c. for New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

FLOUR—Superfine, $3.70@$4.25; Western, $5 25@$9.00; extra New York, $4.80@$7.50.

HAY—Shipping, 55@60c.; clover, 65@70c. salt, 65c.; straw, 30@35c.

HOPS—New York, 18@50c.; Eastern, 25@32c.; yearlings, 14@24c.; olds, 7@14c.

PETROLEUM — Refined, 9c.; crude, 6¼@7c. in bulk; in barrels, 7¼c.; naphtha, 6⅛c. in shipping order, and 11⅛@12¾c. in cases.

PORK—New mess, 22.00@$22.50; dressed hogs, 11@11¼c.

WHEAT—Spring No. 3, $1.20@1.43; Milwaukee, No. 2, $1.36; amber, $1.32@$1.40; white, $1.17½@$1.18.

RYE—State, 75@79c.

WOOL—Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, xxx, 45@46c.; xx, 42@45c.; x, 42@43c.; No. 1, 45@47c.; No. 2, 38@40c.; common, 33@35c.; New York and Western xx and x, 39@15½c.; No. 1, 44@45c.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR—State family, $5.25@$6.00; rye flour, $3.62½@$3.75; wheat, State, $1.43@$1.45; amber, $1.43; corn, yellow, 93c.; mixed State, 92c.

PETROLEUM—Refined, 6⅝c.; crude, 6¼c.

WOOL—State and Western xx, 46@50c.; x, 47@48c.; medium, 50@51c.; coarse, 45c.

BOSTON MARKET.

FLOUR—From $3.50@$4.00 for low and medium, to $5.00@$7 00 for choice Minnesota. Corn, 93@94c. for mixed and yellow.

BUTTER — Common, 22@23c. Vermont dairy, 25@27c.; choice creamery, 26@29c.

CHEESE—10½@11¼c.

BEANS—$3.65@$3.70.

HAY—Choice, $20@$21.

CATTLE MARKETS.

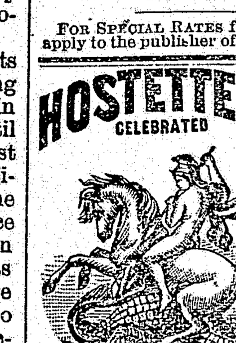
BUFFALO — Cattle, good quality, $5.75@$6.10; hogs, fair to good, $8.00@$8.70; best, $8.90.

EAST LIBERTY, PENN. Best cattle, $6.75@$7.00; medium to good, $5.75@$6.00; common to fair, $4.00@$5.00; Hogs, Yorkers, $7.75@$8.50; Philadelphias, $9.00@$9.20. Sheep, $4.50@$4.75.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Cattle, choice, $10.25@$10.50; extra, $9 50@$10.00; first quality, $8.25@$9.00; second quality, $6.00@$8.00; third quality, $4.50@$5.50. Sheep and lambs—wool sheep, $2.50@$4.50; extra, $5.00@$6.00; spring lambs, 4½@6c. Veal calves, 3@7c. 37

DEFERENCE is the most complicated, the most indirect and the most elegant of all compliments.—Shenstone.

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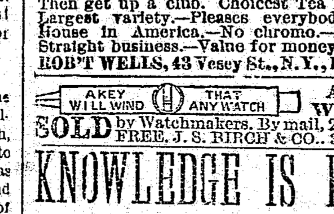
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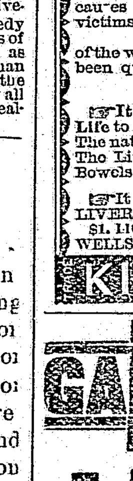
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for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Merchant, in Lockport N. Y., U. S. A., 1833, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware there are many who are more or less prejudiced against proprietary remedies especially on account of the many humbugs on the market; however, we are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

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One of the principal reasons of the wonderful success of Merchant's Gargling Oil is that it is manufactured strictly on honor. Its proprietors do not, as is the case with too many, after making for their medicine a name, diminish its curative properties by using inferior compounds, but use the very best goods to be bought in the market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so, long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.

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VOL. XIII.

LOVE'S DEPTH.

Love's height is easy scaling; skies allure
Who feels the day-warmth needs must
it fair;
Strong eagles ride the lofty sunlit air,
Risking no rivals while their wings endure
Yet is thy noblest still thy least secure,
And failing thee—shall then thy lov
spair?
Shall not thy heart more holily prepare
Some depth unfathomable—perfect-pure

Say that to thee there come love's dreadfu
The downward swiftness of they Best to
Say that he sin or sicken, what of thee
Are thine arms deeper yet to stay his fall
Scarcely love's utmost may in heaven be
To hell it reacheth so 'tis love at all.
MISS BERINGE

THE MOTHER'S BLESSIN

BY MARY E. WHEELER.

"Your home is just beyond that p is it not, Frank?"
"Yes, captain."
"It is too dark for you to see it."
"Yes; but I shall be able to se signal."
"What signal, Frank."
"The light in the window."
"I do not exactly understand Frank."
"Then I will explain to you You know that I have been with seven years. In entering your se my mother gave me her blessing committed me to the care of heave yourself. I was seven years of ag day I first sailed with you, and fourteen now. Have I ever give any cause of complaint, sir?"
"Never, Frank. But what light in the window?"
"Have you never heard me sp it before?"
"I have heard you speak of you nals as you rounded this point; supposed you referred to your mo cottage, or the lights burning in
"It was to a light which burn one particular window."
"How could you distinguish a ticular window at this distance?"
"I will tell you, and then yo judge for yourself. When I left my mother said to me: 'Frank, y now going to sea. Most of your will be made from New York to Orleans and return. When yo homeward bound, you will pas point. If it be in daylight, you c our cottage; and if I am alive an our flag will be waving over it. should be dark when you come in you will see a light in the windo I shall know about the time to l you, and as soon as darkness com the signal shall always be waiting.
"And you have always seen tha as you passed this point?"
"Always. This is the twenty trip we have made, and never bu have we passed that cottage in da The signal is always there; and you, captain, it always makes my bound with joy as I gaze upon shall see it again in a moment."
"Would you not like to be set opposite your home, Frank?"
"If I could be spared, sir."
"Yes. We are from a Souther and though our ship is perfectly h we will probably be obliged to at quarantine for a time, as the fever is raging below. You wil time to join us before we go int York."
"I would like to land, sir. Frank, his face becoming very p
"You can do so. But what matter?"
"Look yonder, sir."
"I see nothing particular."
"That is it, sir. I cannot see self."
"The signal?"
"Yes, sir. The light is not th
"Are you sure?"
"Yes; and it should be, for several days behind our usual t
"Perhaps that is the rea Your mother may think that w port, and be expecting you to e house every moment."
"Captain, something is wro she never removes the light un foot in the cottage, after it h been placed in the window."
"Are you sure you are in sigh cottage?"
"Yes; for I can see it, althoug tinctly, in the moon's rays."
"Well, we will land you, and soon learn what is the matter."
It required but a few moment Frank Ludlow upon shore, and heavy heart, he bent his steps the home of his youth.
Frank had reached a little which adjoined his youthful ho here he paused and stood fo time in silence. Tears started eyes, and he repeated the nam mother in a low tone. The afraid to go forward and satisfy he called in a louder voice, a louder, but only an echo came greet his ears.
A faintness came over the lad, sank back upon the ground. started to his feet again as if been stung by a serpent. He ed himself upon freshly-turne and its dampness chilled hi turned to look upon the spot, tears blinded his vision. He them away, however, and the upon the earth where he had su
A fresh mound met his gaze. a new-made grave; and, with agony, the boy fell upon it. upon his mother to come back, a moment, to bid him farewell. lence, deathly silence, was arou Presently a hand touched him started to his feet. He recog of his neighbors, and he asked:
"Loring, whose grave is this